

We are a few of those collected here
 That ruder Tongues distinguish villager,
 And to say veritie, and not to fable;
 We are a merry rout, or else a rable
 Or company, or by a figure, *Choris*
 That fore thy dignitie will dance a Morris.
 And I that am the rectifier of all
 By title Pedagogus, that let fall
 The Birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
 And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,
 Doe here present this Machine, or this frame,
 And daintie Duke, whose doughtie dismall fame
 From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from post to pillar
 Is blowne abroad; helpe me thy poore well willer,
 And with thy twinckling eyes, looke right and straight
 Vpon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight
 Is—now comes in, which being glewd together
 Makes Morris, and the cause that we came hether.
 The body of our sport of no small study
 I first appeare, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
 To speake before thy noble grace, this tenner:
 At whose great feete I offer up my pennaer.
 The next the Lord of May, and Lady bright,
 The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night
 That seeke out silent hanging: Then mine Host
 And his fat Spowse, that welcomes to their cost
 The gauled Traveller, and with a beckning
 Informs the Tapster to inflame the reckning:
 Then the beast eating Clowne, and next the foole,
 The *Bavian* with long tayle, and eke long toole,
Cum multis alijs that make a dance,
 Say I, and all shall presently advance.

Thef. I, I by any meanes, decree Domine.

Per. Produce.

Musicke Dance.

Knocke for
 Schoole. Enter
 The Dance.

Intrate filij, Come forth, and foot it,
Ladies, if we have beene merry
And have pleas'd thee with a derry,
And a derry, and a derry

Say the Schoolemaster's no Clowne
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee 100
And have done as good Boyes shoulde
Give us but a tree or twaine
For a Maypole, and againe
Ere another yeare run out,
Wee'l make thee laugh and all this

Thef. Take 20. Domine; how

Hip. Never so pleas'd Sir.

Emil. Twas an excellent dance
 I never heard a better.

Thef. Schoolemaster, I thanke

Per. And heer's something to

Thef. Now to our sports againe

Sch. May the Stag thou huntst

And thy dogs be swift and strong

May they kill him without lets,

And the Ladies eate his dowsets:

Dij Deaq; omnes, ye have danc'd

Scena 7. Enter Palamon

Pal. About this houre may Comen
 To visit me againe, and with him
 Two Swords, and two good Armes
 He's neither man, nor Souldier; w
 I did not thinke a weeke could ha
 My lost strength to me, I was grow
 And Crest-falne with my wants:
 Thou art yet a faire Foe; and I fee
 With this refreshing, able once ag
 To out dure danger: To delay it l
 Would make the world think wh
 That I lay fattig like a Swine, to f
 And not a Souldier: Therefore th
 Shall be the last; and that Sword
 If it but hold, I kill him with; tis I
 So love, and Fortune for me: O g

Enter Arcite w

Say